

THE GIRL AT THE Y

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS

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The up express was due to pass at 1 o'clock, but it did not stop. Graham would not have been in the office at all, only he had some money in the safe and had received orders by wire to sleep in the station that night.

He did not know how much there was. It had come in a sealed package, locked in a small pouch. He knew it was pay day on the new branch then building on the 1st, and this was the 31st.

"Why can't they send a pay car?" asked Graham of himself.

"Too confounded mean," he muttered. The hours dragged slowly, but Graham found some solace in thinking of Miss Delaine.

Miss Delaine was from Chicago. She was visiting the daughter of Silas Jones, whom she had met at school.

Miss Jones was tall, big and strong; Miss Delaine was dainty.

Miss Jones, with the advantage of her boarding school years, dressed well; Miss Delaine dressed better.

Graham had suddenly felt a peculiar sensation when Miss Delaine got off the local at Naoml. He knew that Silas was going to have company. He had no idea the company was built more on the feeling vision plan than any other.

"If Silas don't feed that girl up he will be all out of company," Graham had said. "She's almost gone now."

Graham was a husky fellow and had been at Naoml two months when Miss Delaine appeared. As Graham boarded with Silas he had an opportunity to study her well.

"No more turkey hunts while she's here," he grumbled to himself.

Miss Delaine took the grumble out of him when she proposed a shoot, and the three went to the scrub, and Miss Delaine brought down five to his three and Miss Jones one.

Miss Delaine proved to have more get up and get in her diminutive body than Graham acknowledged in his five feet ten. She could box big Miss Jones all over the barn floor; she could climb a cherry tree in a light summer frock and come down as neat as she went up; she could swim better than Miss Jones and dive as deep as Graham.

She could play the most charming waltzes and sing the prettiest songs. She had not been at Naoml two weeks before she was singing in the choir, and Graham made the harrowing discovery that he sang bass.

So on this night Graham consoled himself by thinking gloomy thoughts about Miss Delaine. "I'd be a fool to ask her and a brute to expect her to accept if I did ask," he said to himself with almost a groan. "Why couldn't it have been Pan?" Pan was Miss Jones. "But, no; she'll marry Larkin, and if Miss Delaine was poor I'd marry her."

He knew she was rich. She had often spoken about "our railroad." James Delaine was president of the Q. and B. Disconsolate, he smoked his pipe. He wondered how much money there was in the safe. He knew the payroll must be long.

He had read last Sunday's paper a dozen times and gone off to sleep and nearly fallen off the chair which he had tilted back. He had left the door open for air. The night was warm.

"Hello there, young feller," came a voice. He turned toward the door and looked into the barrel of a big revolver. "Hold up your hands!"

"Er—I am agent here," stammered Graham.

"Oh, we know that. You keep yer mouth shut. We'll do the rest."

"I won't submit to robbery, if that is what you mean," said Graham.

"Robbery, eh? Won't submit, eh? Well, young feller, ye don't look much like a fool. Under the circumstances I wouldn't advise ye to be one even if ye do know how. I've got two partners here, and the first yep out of ye will mean a game of shootin' big. Now, Jim."

Another fellow came in and went through Graham's pockets.

"Now, young feller," said the leader after Jim had deposited an express revolver on the table, "just tell us the combination to that safe."

"I refuse."

"What did I say about bein' a fool? Say, I'll give you three minutes to make up your mind. You'll either give us the combination or I'll put a hole through you. Now, one."

Graham was silent.

Jim was working at the safe. The third came in and grinned at the picture Graham made.

"Pretty boy," he said.

"Three."

Graham opened his mouth to speak. "Ain't no use sayin' anything unless it's the combination."

"Aw, till him. We can blow open the safe."

Graham knew that these men meant business. They would as soon take a life as eat. He could see his revolver lying where Jim had placed it.

If only he could divert the leader's attention while he grabbed his own revolver he would take a chance. Graham was no coward. He fixed his eyes on the door, nodding to some imaginary person behind the leader.

The bandit laughed.

"See that, Jim? He don't know how old that till is. Young feller, that trick was old before you were born. Give us another."

"It is no trick," shouted Graham. "I am not afraid of you, but don't let that bear in here!"

He looked frightened. The one called Bill looked. Graham had moved a few steps forward.

"Are you goin' to open that safe?" "I tell you to shoot him," said Bill. "He's tried to fool us twice. No bear outside."

Graham could see the desperado growing blacker. He knew that after he had opened the safe for them they would shoot him to prevent identification. It had been done many times before.

He resolved to sell his life fighting rather than yielding. He suddenly darted toward his revolver, but the leader was too quick. He had been expecting that. The revolver was simply a lure. He fired, and Graham fell with a bullet in his side.

"Now, hang you, if you want a show for your life give us the combination." Graham was gasping. He was waiting for the next shot that would kill him.

Suddenly there was a sharp crack—the smashing of glass—another—and another. The leader was down, with a bullet in his heart, shot through the back. Jim lay writhing near the safe. Bill had pitched forward and was grasping the side for support. Then an apparition appeared at the door.

A bit of a girl stood there, her face white, a rifle in her hands. She was so small she looked like a child. Graham saw her.

"You—you, Miss Delaine—at half past 12? How—how?"

She calmly gazed at the result of her lightning work.

"To tell you the truth, I was afraid and came here to sleep. After you left—she was examining his wound while she spoke—"Charley Jones came over on horseback and said Mr. Jones' brother was dying. I was out in the orchard, and they could not find me and thought probably I was with you. I returned to the house and could not get in. I had left my key in the house. I managed to get a window open and went in that way, but I was afraid to go to sleep. I could sit up without fear because I always feel safe with my rifle. But I was dead tired after the dance last night, and I wanted to sleep. I thought I'd risk the talk and come here. It was nearest. I heard the shot and knew you were in trouble. I ran and got here just in time. Can you run the sender?"

"I guess so," he said feebly.

"Wire to order that express to stop here." She even knew the stations. Graham dragged himself to the table, got his call and clicked off the message.

At 2 the express came rearing and rumbling in.

"What the mischief's the row here?" bawled a heavy voice, and a powerful man in a silk hat and black frock coat stood with mouth agape while a fraction of what would make a fair-sized girl said, unconscious, to the floor.

"Nan, my girl, here," said the big man. "Here, tell Hawkins to come here." Hawkins was Mr. Delaine's private secretary and an operator.

"Hawkins, get Burns and stay here till relieved by a new man. This man won't come back. He'll either go to jail or the head of a division. Get Nan into the stateroom. Get a doctor. There must be one on the train. Get a woman to take care of Nan. Take this man—his name is Graham—into the coach. Guard that safe as well as I think Graham has. There is a pack of money in there. Evans said he feared a holdup, and I sent the money yesterday with orders for Graham to stay all night. But what I don't understand is what—what Nan—at this time of night?"

It was not many hours before the whole story was told.

"Well," said Mr. Delaine, "you have told a good story, but I know a better one. I'll tell it when I see the result of Graham's injuries."

"Yes, I know one as good as yours, but it won't be time to tell it until yours is told. And, papa, won't you be surprised?"

"Um—not a lot," said the president.

The other two stories were told. Graham is now second vice president, which was Delaine's story, and Nan is his wife, which was Nan's. Now Miss Jones goes to see Mrs. Graham and travels in a private Pullman with the second vice presidential guardianship for her safety.

Flouring With Oars.

There can be little doubt that the ox was the earliest beast employed for the plow. A white bull and a white cow were yoked together to draw the furrow for making the walls of Rome. Greeks and Romans employed oxen in plowing; asses only for sandy soils. When the plowman had finished his day's labor he turned the instrument upside down, and the oxen went home dragging its tail and handle over the surface of the ground, a scene described by Horace.

The yoking together of ox and ass was expressly forbidden by the law of Moses and is made the ground of the divorce mentioned by Plautus. Ulysses, when he refused madness in order to avoid going in the Trojan expedition, plowed with an ox and a horse together.

The North Star.

The north star is exactly in line with the poles of the earth—that is to say, it is exactly north of the earth—which is the reason why its position with reference to us does not change by the revolution of the earth upon its axis. The reason its position does not seem to change by the annual revolution of the earth around the sun is that it is so many billions of miles away that the difference in direction from different points of the earth's orbit is imperceptible.

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"There is not a minute atom of your body from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot but what is practically undergoing a process of burning, both night and day," said the celebrated lecturer on anatomy, Professor Lorenson. "While you are looking at me now I am being burned to ashes," continued the professor.

"Nature is never stationary or inactive. The body spends its energy in the way of physical labor and in the constant emission of heat, the former method comprising waste that occurs through muscular work entailed by, for instance, moving the body on itself, walking, speaking, shooting, singing, breathing and in the action of the heart and by mental activity, though each effort be slight."

"We expend heat by respiration and perspiration. Motion is energy, and energy motion. Now the daily average income of energy as created by the human body on ordinary diet is calculated at about 2,200 pounds avoirdupois. That quantity of energy represents our daily storage in the ordinary, active, healthy body."

"How is this 2,200 pounds of energy spent by each human body? It will surprise you, perhaps, to be told that all our muscular work done in a day only requires about 315 pounds of this 2,200 pounds and that the remainder becomes, as it were, evaporated and is being constantly thrown off by the body in the way of heat."

"We literally live by being burned alive. Energy and heat combined help to burn our tissue, and fresh is being supplied by nature, just as a new building is built on the site of one which has been burned down."

"You have heard of the man who gets 'warmed to his work' and that, being 'warmed,' everything goes on satisfactorily, 'like a house on fire.' That is literally what happens to every human creature, for his 'house' is always on fire, though the real meaning of the descriptive phrase is not always rightly understood by those who utter it. The phrase 'getting up steam,' so often used in a jocular sense, is not always rightly understood. Our body is never done getting up steam, and this steam is our propelling power, by which we are able to get about our work and by which the brain is able to keep up its rush of ideas. Let nature stop getting up steam and we have a nervous collapse."

"With plenty of steam we can fire away; without it we run down. There is nothing to keep our body warm, nothing to warm our food, nothing to warm and render moist the air we inspire and there is nothing to provide for the radiation and evaporation of different moisture from the skin."

"Brain workers give off a greater amount of heat than physical workers; hence they are more liable to collapse. Their expenditure exceeds income, and the result is bankruptcy. They are obliged to lie up till they can obtain more capital—in other words, they have been consumed by the fire of the body at a quicker rate than it takes nature to supply a quantity of fresh tissue and muscle."

"The ages of twenty-one, twenty-eight, thirty-five and forty-two are the most critical periods of a person's lifetime, for at about these ages nature will have fitted the body out with new raw materials."

"A child of seven has different hair and eyes from those which it had when it was born. There's the proof."—New York News.

The Real Malay.

The real Malay is a short, thickset, well built man, with straight black hair, a dark brown complexion, thick nose and lips and bright, intelligent eyes. His disposition is generally kindly, his manners polite and easy. Never cringing, he is reserved with strangers and suspicious, though he does not show it. He is courageous and trustworthy in the discharge of an undertaking, but he is extravagant, fond of borrowing money and very slow in repaying it. He is a good talker, speaks in parables, quotes proverbs and wise saws, has a strong sense of humor and is very fond of a good joke. He takes an interest in the affairs of his neighbors and is consequently a gossip. He never drinks intoxicants; he is rarely an opium smoker. But he is fond of gambling, cock fighting and kindred sports. He is by nature a sportsman, catches and tames elephants, is a skillful fisherman and thoroughly at home in a boat. Above all things he is conservative to a degree, is proud and fond of his country and his people, venerates his ancient customs and traditions, fears his rajahs and has a proper respect for constituted authority, while he looks askance on all innovations and will resist their sudden introduction. —Swettenham's "Malay Sketches."

He Had His Donkey.

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